NEW
SQUIDBEAK
SPLATOON
ZINE!

NEW SQUIDBEAK SPLATOON ZINE

A SPLATOON AGENT ZINE
ABOUT FOUND FAMILY

Hosted By

GRACIE

gracieo

gracieo

Moderators

RAI

artsy_raimuu

artsy_raimuu

COURTESY

thetruecourtesy

courtesycalling

XIN

panstarri

panstarry

CLAIRE

clairitea

CD

randomhello245

snicksnackfrickfrack245

KAIRN

kairn_orz

THE NEW SQUIDBEAK SPLATOON ZINE IS A FOR-CHARITY COLLABORATION. WE ARE NOT AFFILIATED NOR ENDORSED BY NINTENDO.

ALL RIGHTS TO ALL CONTRIBUTIONS BELONG TO THE RESPECTIVE ARTISTS AND WRITERS, AND THEY MAY MAKE ALTERATIONS TO THEIR OWN CREATIONS. YOU MAY NOT SELL, PRINT, OR ALTER THIS PRODUCT IN ANY WAY.

little moss leaf

BAM

Canyon Conversations

• STORY BY NASTYMAJESTY • ART BY SKYGUMMI •

Malibu's head felt like it was being crushed under the weight of a hundred bricks.

They had landed themself on one of the many floating rocks around the canyon, facing toward the sunset ahead. It was cold, matching the chilly autumn air, and a little dusty (as rocks reasonably are), but large enough to fit more than two people lying down. The sun was setting faster than Malley anticipated when they left the city earlier, and now the sky was already turning a light pink with orange trim on the horizon. Kind of like a peach, they thought.

Malibu grinned as they lied on their back, though, admiring the sky. A view like this was almost impossible to get in Inkopolis, no matter how high you were. There was always something in the way, or an airplane flying by. The sunset, funnily enough, reminded them of Agent Four, with how vibrant and warm they were.

Maybe that's a little on the nose, though, Malley thought with a chuckle. *Her entire team is a bunch of fireflies with sunset patterns.*

Every time they took a shaky breath, the icy air stung Malley's head like a sharp needle. Their eyelids were heavy, and it was difficult to keep their eyes focused on the cloud-speckled sky.

Their mind wandered to memories of Four, and Malley let it. It was silly to reminisce on, they thought, because their relationship with the firefly was so different now, but slowly coming back together. They grew up together and were practically siblings, but when Malley had a breakdown after losing their grandma as a teen, they joined the NSS and cut almost everyone off, leaving things strained when Malley came back from the metro only to find Ava - now Agent Four - in their place.

But the times before then were pleasant, and Malley embraced the nostalgia. They used to give their dads near-daily heart attacks with how often Malley would sneak out of the house to go visit Ava, and it only got worse when they grew proper limbs. But their dads eventually got used to it, especially when they woke up to a call in the morning from Ava's father about finding the two inklings in a drowsy pile on the floor of Ava's bedroom, the TV still on with the title screen for a kart racer flickering.

Malley's ear flicked, perking up at the sound of a super jump tearing through the air. They opened one eye, listening to where it might land. The rock shook them upright, though, and their hearts beat fast in their ears, not expecting the jumper to land right next to them.

"Well speak of the devil," Malley laughed, leaning back on the palm of their hands and tilting their head to the side. A hint of playful sarcasm escaped their voice as they spoke, "I didn't expect Miss Luxxy to be here today."

"I genuinely thought you were a threat spying on me," Ava laughed sheepishly, placing her delicate hero charger on the ground next to her. The way she

moved briefly caught the sunlight, making both her tentacles and jacket shimmer. Malley squinted, having to look away for a second. "I was gonna get you, or something."

"Get *me*?" Malibu gasped, gripping their chest in feigned horror. "How could you! I would never hurt a fly."

Ava sat on the ground and playfully punched Malley's shoulder. "Yeah? S'that so?"

"Every day I wake up and kiss a kitten."

"There's only one?"

Malley snapped their fingers. "*Exactly.*"

There was a beat of silence where the inkling's eyes were caught in a staring contest, making Malley's grin only get wider. A fit of laughter tore through it, though, with Ava erupting in a fit of giggles she had tried desperately to hold in.

"Whaaaat?" Malley teased, flopping back down. "What's so funny?"

"You're a doofus, Mal, that's what," Ava snorted. Her tentacles twinkled almost every time she laughed, just subtly enough that only someone like Malley would ever really notice.

Their laughter slowly died down until it was just the sound of the wind. In the distance, one of the many wind chimes at the cabin twinkled, dancing in the autumn breeze. Malley winced at another brief wave of pain pierced through their forehead, but Ava didn't seem to notice as she pulled her legs up to her chest.

"Mind if I stay for a minute?" Ava asked, her voice exhausted. Malley shook their head, turning their body around and tapping the spot by their head with their knuckles.

Ava shuffled onto her back, her jacket shifting with her movement until the two of them were lying opposite of each other with their heads almost touching. Malley giggled.

"Aww, it's like when we were widdle," Malley cooed, earning a playful headbonk from the firefly.

"You say it like it was a thing we didn't do into our late teens," Ava replied.

"I mean -" Malley started, then paused, biting their bottom lip. "I mean more like . . . hanging out and stuff."

Ava rolled over onto her stomach, propping herself up with her elbows and leaned over Malley's face. "You mean before you cut me off to go play hero?"

"Hey now," Malley stuck their tongue out. "You went and played hero too."

Ava pouted, squinting hard at the squid under her, who showed no fear in teasing the firefly. In one quick movement, Ava flicked Malley's nose and flipped back over, pretending as if she hadn't done anything while Malley sputtered in surprise.

"Rude!" Malley whined, rubbing their nose, stifling their laughter. "You're so CRUEL."

"You sound like your girlfriend," Ava snorted, not moving from her spot. "Where is she anyway? Aren't you usually with her?"

"Oh - um." Malley bit their bottom lip. "She got roped into helping her sister move in, so she's been gone all day."

Ava nodded sympathetically, lightly bonking her head with Malley's again.

Silence enveloped them again, an awkward tenseness filling the air and putting pressure on Malley's chest. Ava and Malley's relationship was much better than it was months ago, but there was still that slight bit of strain that made Malley feel self-conscious about what they said or did around her, in fear of making things more awkward than they already were.

"Mal?"

Malley blinked, not realizing they had begun to doze off. "Huh?"

"Don't fall asleep here." Ava nudged them lightly. "You roll around in your sleep. You don't want to fall off the giant floating boulder."

Malley shook their head and shuffled in place. "Sorry."

Another tense pause. Malley let a sigh escape their lips, trying to enjoy the moment and not think about the stinging pain in their head. They'd have to leave soon anyhow, with how late it was getting so fast.

"So, umm. Were you patrolling?" Malley asked.

"Uh-huh," Ava responded, lifting her hand to tap her charger. "It's quiet, though. Not as many octolings are trying to get to the surface now. The ones who stayed behind are happy where they are."

"That makes sense," Malley nodded. "They have families there. Palace told me they plan on making it better."

"Mhm. She told me the same."

Another beat of silence.

"And what about you, Mal?"

"Eh?" Malley's eyes shot open - not even realizing they were closed - having anticipated quieter.

"I never see you in the canyon. Let alone on a whole . . . rock," Ava chuckled.

Malley sat up, rubbing their temple with one hand. Ava turned her head toward them. "Palace is busy and I . . . normally sit on the roof, but I had a headache. I just kinda wandered over here and," they made a vague motion with their hands that only seemed to puzzle Ava more, "woosh."

"I . . . " Ava nodded slowly, her brows furrowed. "Well, the roof thing isn't new."

"Nah, it's totally new."

Ava grinned playfully. "You sat on mine so often it drove my dad nuts."

"It was a nice roof!" Malley beamed. "And he should have let us play video games on it."

"We both know that could've gotten us in trouble."

"And?" Malley said. "Maybe we can now. 'Cause we're older."

Ava blinked a few times, opening her mouth and then closing it. "I . . . I guess we could. Yeah."

"Really?" Malley sat up, scurrying to Ava's side and leaning over her enthusiastically. "I have more games now, too. Palace doesn't like to play with me, she doesn't like what I play. Oh, we can have a whole sleepover! I can bake and —"

"Woah! Woah, slow down." Ava lightly pushed Malley's face away, though they only hovered back. "That's a lot of plans."

"And you're always wooorkiiing. You need a break. C'mon, it'll be like we're kids again!" Malley

whined. “Except we’re not, we’re 21 and 22, but STILL!”

Something quickly flew past Malley’s head, earning a loud yelp from the inkling.

Malley turned around, then back to Ava, their ears drooping sadly. “You could’ve just said no!”

Ava scrambled for her weapon, rushing to turn her tank on. “I didn’t throw that at you-“

The two peeked over the edge of the platform just as another rock came flying in their direction, barely missing Ava’s head.

“Are you two hanging out on a ROCK?”

“Oh.” Malley sighed in relief. “Hi, Palace!”

Another stone hit the bottom of the boulder, making it a little more obvious that the culprit wasn’t trying to actually hit them. Many feet below, just by the cabin, stood Agent 8 in her oversized turtleneck and a grouchy expression under her round moon glasses.

“Come down from there!” Palace shouted, reaching for another rock. Ava tried to stifle her laughter, but Malley stuck their tongue out at their girlfriend, triggering a fit of giggles from Ava that almost knocked her off balance.

“Why are you laughing?!” Palace feebly tossed another, trying to hold back her smile. “You left me with my SISTER all DAY and you’re LAUGHING AT ME? Malibu Acheflow STOP MAKING THAT FACE.”

Malley shuffled back, gathering their belongings with a gleeful grin as Palace continued to bicker with no one in particular below them. Ava did the same, slowly coming down from her giggle fit at Palace’s mini tantrum.

Malley looked at her friend with pleading eyes. “So can I sleepover, Ava? Pleaaaase?”

“Well, now it just sounds like you’re avoiding someone.”

“What - no! No no, I can bring Palace too! It’ll be fun! Just the three of us, like a little family gathering. She won’t say no.”

Ava chuckled at the brief nudge at how close 4 was to 8 herself. “If she wants, then sure. I guess it will be fun.”

“Yes!” Malley pumped a fist in the air and readied their jump, aiming for the girl below. “You won’t be ready for what I have prepared, Luxurious. Watch.”

Ava rolled her eyes, following the inkling’s jump with her own. Malley landed directly in Palace’s arms, the two tumbling a few feet as Palace shrieked with laughter and protest.

Ava landed a few feet away, holding back her laughter again, and walked over to the two once she caught her balance to poke them with her charger, lazily pushing them apart.

I MET MOTHMAN
WELCOME TO JAMESTOWN
WELCOME TO THE RENFAIRE

Duck Season

• Story and Art by Receding Tides •

The air was a few degrees warmer than she would've liked, with summer beginning to settle in full-force, and Faye blamed her still-half-asleep state on the temperature; she didn't notice the underlying sound of a metal grate rattling as the toaster spat up its contents. Fortunately, when an unexpected but enthusiastic knock at the cabin's door startled her into dropping her slightly-overdone toast, it found its resting place conveniently on the plate. She decided to claim that as reflexes rather than luck.

She hadn't expected Eight to drop by today, but the octopus was bouncing on their feet, the tendrils of their hair twitching, and Faye immediately knew that they were here for a self-determined important reason, even before they spoke.

"Three, can we go to the carnival?"

Faye had been distantly aware of the carnival every year she lived in Inkopolis; each summer when it was set up, posters and flyers popped up all around the city, but that also meant everyone *else* knew about it too and the place would be crowded. She wasn't keen on feeling like a can of sardines. "Can't one of your other friends go with you? Or your teammates?"

Eight shook their head. "They are all . . . being busy!"

Well, that wasn't a very convincing argument, but that meant Eight had their hearts set on spending time with Faye today. The older agent let out an overdramatic sigh, leaning more heavily than required against the old door frame. "Okay, fine, but only because there's absolutely nobody else in the universe for you to go with."

After being granted the time to eat her breakfast (she'd definitely need the little energy toast could provide), Faye was soon following her friend through the streets, not making any attempt to keep up with their excited pace. Eight would halt every now and then, both to not lose track of their day-out-buddy and to check the directions on their phone.

The GPS, and the map on a flyer Eight had thrown at her, guided them to one of the open parks. This specific one was little more than a grassy field during every other season, but currently hosted a vast collection of colourful stalls and tents and gleaming pop-up rides that Faye didn't trust enough to step one foot on. A large diversity of people bustled throughout the place, from the giant crustaceans to the smallest tetra, although most were on the younger side unless they were clearly supervising a child. The whole place blasted the energy of after-school partying and summer holidays.

Faye, holding the same look of forced disinterest plastered on most of the parents, let Eight lead the way as they explored this new and interesting surface event. They were especially taken in by all the sweet treats on display (Faye had to dissuade them from buying so much that it'd make them sick), as well as the colourful lights of the rides.

Eight near-begged Faye to ride the tilt-a-whirl with them, and it took some convincing to get them to go without her. She was free from headaches today, so far, and would rather not set one off by being spun around in a giant cup. Eight managed to wave at her every time the machine whirled them past.

Witnessing their unsteadiness as the post-ride dizziness took a moment to wear off, Faye took this as an opportunity to lead their adventure towards the quieter side of the carnival, where the games were less rambunctious and aesthetically laid out in circular booths. There were far less people here, and without the booming music and whirring of mechanical rides, Faye could finally hear herself think again – as well as the voices of the stall owners as they called for potential customers.

"Why, do I spy two lovely cephalopods who might become our next *big winners*?"

That was a voice Faye recognised, and it came with a free kick-start to the headache whose absence had graced her thus far.

Her first instinct was to insist to Eight that they simply ignore him and move on, but the octoling was already headed towards the nearby blue-and-white-striped stall with interest. Faye rolled her eyes with an exaggerated groan, pushed her boater more firmly against her head, and sulkily followed after.

As she reached the booth and looked directly at the squid running it, she fully intended to give him as loathing a glare as possible; instead, a snort of laughter forced its way out of her lungs. "What the hell are you *wearing*, dude?"

Four – real name Rollo, but Faye didn't care enough – took her reaction in stride, grinning as he pulled lightly on the suspenders of his bright-pink overalls. A cheap-looking boater sat atop his head (she wore it better), but what truly made him look ridiculous was the giant fake moustache stuck to his upper lip, resonating with the natural cyan-coloured ink in his hair. "The *latest* fashion, my dear."

"Call me that again and you're getting a kick where it hurts."

"What is the game being?" Eight asked, leaning forward a little to see more of the setup encased by a circle of bannered stands, more interested in that than Four's outlandish attire.

"Fishing for ducks!" Four explained with a flourish, not intimidated at all by the short agent's half-serious threat. He plucked a 'fishing rod' from a tub behind him, which was little more than a bamboo pole with some string and a child-safe blunt plastic hook tied to the end. "If you can hook one of them within a minute, you get a prize!"

In the middle of the ring of stalls, a large circular tank of water sat, a slow generator-created whirlpool taking the crowd of ducks for a gentle ride as they bobbed along the surface. The plastic creatures were a variety of different colours and sizes, and each had a loop of wire sticking out of their backs. Outside the tub, and a safe distance from any spillages, a few of the ducks sat on display to show off which ones matched each prize; the smallest one, a sparkly gold colour, sat upon its throne nearest the sky, where giant dolphin and orca plushies hung from the wires crossing overhead.

While Faye stood there thinking about how funny it would be if one of them broke free and landed on Four, he finished explaining the rules to Eight. The octopus was looking at the giant plushies with

gleaming eyes; they were a sucker for anything big and fluffy, and that was going to be their downfall today, it seemed. Faye would have to make sure Eight wasn't glued to this stand for the rest of the day, especially when the gold ducks were definitely going to be the hardest to catch. A few of them glinted innocently in the spinning crowd, situated nearest the edge of the pool where they would be moving the fastest.

A quick question and a determined nod proved that Eight was indeed set on this game. They handed over the fee for a try – cheaper than Faye expected, so it was definitely difficult to win if the carnival was turning a profit on this stall – and set to work with an expression frozen in focus. Faye folded her arms on the table to watch their efforts, accepting that she was probably going to be stuck here for a while. Much to her chagrin, Four took that as an excuse to start up a conversation.

"I didn't expect to see you at the carnival today," he commented, keeping his voice low so he wouldn't distract Eight from the duck zone.

"Yeah, well," Faye shrugged, trying to force her tone to be more bored than it already was. "Nobody else for Eight to go with, y'know. Everyone was busy."

Out of the corner of her eye, she noticed Four's brow rise, an amused expression on his face. His boyfriend was on Eight's team, and therefore he probably knew more about their schedule than Faye did, so that pretty much confirmed that Eight had only said that as an excuse. It wasn't like Faye minded; she'd seen through it immediately, after all, and it was nice to spend the day at the carnival with her friend, even if she was now stuck here with Four as well.

"What are *you* doing here, Four?" she asked, throwing his own question back at him, because Four running a stall was even more unexpected than her existing in the area – and also she was curious as to why on earth he was here, in this silly outfit, running a stall.

"Ah, y'know. Money." He waved one hand in a flippant gesture. "Week-long job that pays decently *and* I get to wear a silly moustache? Couldn't pass it up."

Faye couldn't help the single laugh that escaped her at that, even if it was mostly at his expense.

The duck-shaped oven timer let out a sharp '*brrring*!' noise to signify that time was up, and Eight deflated a little, their fishing hook still devoid of ducks. "It is difficult," they stated with a small sigh. "Maybe I do one more try?"

"One more try," Faye nodded, ready to drag them away afterwards even if they didn't win.

One minute and another painful alarm later, Eight placed the empty pole back down on the stall with a quiet sound of defeat. The ducks weren't biting today.

Well, that was the one attempt, and Faye didn't want Eight fruitlessly spending the whole afternoon here. "Come on," she said with a light shake of their arm. "Maybe there's a ball-and-bucket game somewhere here. I bet you'd be good at that; it's just like tossing splat bombs."

"Perhaps," Eight responded flatly, lifting their gaze from the stall to give the giant orca a last longing look.

Four picked up the discarded pole, turning it thoughtfully in his hands. "Y'know," he started, giving Faye an ominously meaningful look. "A little

birdie told me you sometimes go fishing with your girlfriend."

Faye fixed him with another sharp glare. "That's . . . *very* different to fishing for plastic ducks," she pointed out. "Besides, I don't have any change on me—"

No sooner had she said that, a coin was held out towards her, causing Faye to reflexively move back to avoid being hit in the face. Eight was staring at her with a hopeful look in their eyes, bouncing on their heels as they held out the offer.

For a long moment Faye kept up her slight grimace, but even she could not win against that expression. "Alright, alright. I'll try it *once*. Don't be too disappointed if I can't win."

She took the coin and shoved it at Four, ignoring his triumphant expression and accepting the cheap pole while Eight cheered and clapped their hands together. This thing wasn't optimised for this at all, the light hook and string making it difficult to control, and Faye kept an eye on the timer as she set about her duck-hunting mission. Eight had been after the gold ducks, and she would try, but when that inevitably didn't work out she would try to just hook an easier big duck before time ran out so they didn't leave with nothing.

Faye probably looked a little silly, flailing this fake fishing pole around and trying to get it to go where she wanted it to, and when she glanced at the timer once more, ready to give up and pick the easier option, the awkward hook dragged itself through the loop of the golden duck she'd been aiming for.

. . . Oh!

For a moment she just stood there, the surprise at it having actually *worked* drowning out Eight's excited cheering and the loud clapping from Four as he retrieved an identical orca to the one Eight had been gazing at from underneath one of the stalls. Faye only left her staring contest with the slowly-rotating duck when a large stuffed whale was almost shoved in her face. She rolled her eyes, pointing to Eight instead. No, she was not going to hold that thing just because Four thought it would be funny to see.

"Thank you so much, Three!" Eight gushed as they finally left, tightly embracing the giant plush that was half their size and beaming so brightly behind their skull-patterned mask that the smile reached their eyes.

"Yeah, yeah." Faye tried to brush it off, but a smile tugged at her face regardless. Perhaps the carnival was not her ideal place to spend the day, but seeing Eight so happy made her glad to be here.

skygummi

@luntitledSquid

GIVE UP?
NEVER...
CRACK
YOU LOST AGAIN
NOOOOOOO
BAM

Cleaning Agents

• Story by eikaprime • Art by setispaghetti •

Four frowned, her tongue poking out of one corner of her mouth, as she leaned over the canvas and brushed one last tint of yellow under the cloud. She checked it against the picture she'd torn from a magazine, frowned, and compared it to the picture again. She'd put it with the other rejects later. "Gidgit, I'm done!" she called, and set the canvas in the center of the rickety table to dry. Then she dropped her paint pallette on the floor. Paint splattered everywhere.

With a clicking whirr of wheels, a tiny Squee-G darted forward, only to stop an inch away from the mess. Its lights flashed--red red red yellow red yellow red yellow--and it moved back and forth on its wheels, waiting.

Four grinned. "Go ahead."

With a delighted whir, the Squee-G rushed forward, flashing bright yellow. It darted on and around the pallette first, leaving behind clean white plastic and ancient clean tile, then darted around for all the drips and drabs. Four added more as she cleaned her paintbrushes, only noticing the Squee-G when it bumped her toes.

Four sat on the floor and gathered the Squee-G in her lap. "Was it worth the wait, Gidgit?" she asked, and giggled as it beeped at her and cleaned the wet paint she'd splattered on her pants, leaving only stains behind. Not long after, Four found herself lying on the ground, Gidgit whirring all over her, cleaning up all the paint Four got everywhere—even her nose. "That tickles!"

Gidgit beeped twice and bumped Four's nose again,

glowing a soft blue. Four rubbed its back and set it carefully beside her, then sat up. Her eyes caught on her clock. "Squit. Eight'll be here soon."

Four leapt to her feet and searched through her apartment, determined to be ready when her friend knocked. She needed proper turfing gear, not the crummy clothes she used for painting. Her dualies weren't on their hooks by her paintings of the other agents or mixed with the messy stack of blank canvases and Inkblot applications Marie kept giving her. Dualies, dualies, where were her—Four spotted them under her bed and got on the floor to retrieve them.

She was so absorbed in her search she didn't realize someone else was in her apartment until she heard the shriek.

Four jumped, banged her head on the bottom of the bed, and rolled out. She aimed at the intruder. "I don't know who you are, but—Eight?"

Eight crouched on the pile of boxes Four used as a shelf by the door, tentacles spread for balance. "Four! There be a vicious Squee-G in you pad!"

Squit.

"Why you dualies bottom top?"

Double squit. Four swapped the dualies between her hands.

The boxes collapsed under Eight's weight. Gidgit whirred and dashed forward. Eight shrieked again and leaped on top of Four's bed, but Gidgit was just cleaning up the broken pens and markers. Eight left the door open, and Gidgit was way too close; Four darted over, slammed the door shut, and turned.

Eight had her art supplies and was chucking them at Gidgit.

"WOAH, STOP!" Four yelled. She blocked the next thrown paintbrush with her body, dropped her dualies, and gathered Gidgit in her arms. Gidgit beeped at her and nestled against Four's body as more art supplies hit them. Four shielded Gidgit with her body until the pelting stopped.

Four peeked behind her to see Eight still on the bed, hands full of markers, a pencil case stuck to one sucker. "Don't tell Marie."

"You arm a Squee-G?" Eight asked, eyes wide.

Four scooted around until she could face Eight, still on her knees on the floor. "Uh, I think you mean I *hold* a Squee-G, not that I'm arming it. And, um, Gidgit is my pet." Four crossed her legs and settled Gidgit in her lap. It whirred unhappily, flashing its light red faster than Four liked. She scratched it between its eyes with one finger

"It not slurp you?"

"Of course not," Four said. Gidgit's red flashing slowed, so Four looked up at Eight again—Eight, still perched on the bed, though at least she'd stopped throwing things. "Gidgit nibbles on the ends of my tentacles sometimes, but it'd never hurt me, even if it was big enough."

Eight started removing things from her suckers, but kept them close by. Four shifted a little, not quite willing to put Gidgit down and give Eight a clear target. "Why are you in here, anyway?" she asked. "I thought we were going to meet by the front doors."

"I there, you not there," Eight said, pulling at a ruler stuck to the top of her head. "So I come here. Handle loose, door open!" The ruler broke. Eight made a face and left the rest of it attached.

"Haven't you ever heard of *knocking*?"

"What is knocking?"

Four decided right then that Three was pulling her tentacles when he told her Eight lived with Off the Hook. No *way* would she live with anyone famous and not know about knocking.

"Squee-G is danger," Eight continued. "Why you have Squee-G?"

Four sighed again. "Gidgit isn't dangerous." Gidgit shifted on her lap, wanting to get down and move, and Four scritched above its wheels until it gave up and purred, flashing green. "But when I was—I was doing patrols, and going through kettles, and you never see just one Squee-G alone. There are always two or three others nearby, usually a big one for every two or three babies, but not then." Four frowned, remembering; it was one of the first kettles she'd ever gone in, and poor Gidgit had been a lot slower and quieter than the first time Four'd been there. It fell off the wall at Four's feet, and Four had shot some ink right in its mouth and it got up, shook itself, and nudged her feet for more. "But Gidgit was alone, and so I took it home, and I love it."

Eight shook her head, tentacles loose around her shoulders, half a ruler still stuck to one. "*Inklings*," she said, in a tone that indicated everything wrong with them.

Four shrugged. "Come on, I know Octolings must keep Squee-G's for something, too. I released enough of them from cages when I went after Callie."

Eight's tentacles wrapped around her shoulders. "Many Octarians splat splat splat to cage a Squee-G. Then it stop moving, and Octarians safe."

Four's stomach dropped. She clutched Gidgit close to her, then released it as Gidgit struggled. "You starve them?"

"It keep Octo-lands safe!" Eight clenched her hands into fists. "They eat ink, they eat us."

"They don't have any other food down there," Four said. "Watch." Four set Gidgit on the floor. "Stay."

Gidgit beeped a few times, but didn't move.

Four went to her kitchen, ignored the stinger forming in her sink, and grabbed some stuff. While Gidgit's beeps got louder and louder, lights flashing yellow with attention, Four put various things in puddles and piles on the floor: honey, maple syrup, several squiddymelon cubes, even some paint. Finally, Four picked up one dualie; without an ink tank, she couldn't shoot much, but enough for a puddle.

Four joined Eight on the bed. "Gidgit will go after her favorite first."

Gidgit beeped frantically, rolling back and forth on its wheels, and turned to face Four.

"Ready?" Four asked.

"I, uh . . ." Eight wrapped one tentacle around Four's shoulders and squeezed. "Yes."

"Gidgit, okay!" Four said, and Gidgit rushed forwards. To Eight's surprise it tackled the paint first, then the squiddymelon cubes, lights flashing a rainbow. Honey and maple syrup came next, Gidgit darting between them, but it didn't finish either; it let out a sharp chirp, then swiveled around to sit at the base of the bed, lights blinking a slow blue..

The pile of ink was untouched.

Eight released her legs at last. "Squiddymelon?"

"Gidgit likes other fruits, too, but melons and squash are its favorite." Four leaned off the bed to scoop it up and set it on her lap; Eight released Four and scrambled a few feet away. Gidgit flashed its lights green twice. Four ran her hand down Gidgit's back. "Would you like to pet it?"

Eight's tentacles writhed as she stared at Gidgit, falling asleep on Four's lap. Eight extended one trembling hand, then, as Four nodded, put one finger on Gidgit's back with exaggerated slowness. She stroked it. Again. The third time, Eight's lips turned up in a smile. "It's vibrating."

"I think that's a purr," Four said. "Like Judd." She held still, smiling at Eight, as Eight's tentacles relaxed and Eight started petting Gidgit with her whole hand and her smile grew. "Can I give food?" Eight asked.

"Gidgit's full," Four said. "I gave her a *lot*, and it'll finish up the honey and maple syrup later. But next time, call before you come in? And—" Four's phone buzzed.

Four pulled it out to see Three had sent them a text: *Did Eight get lost again?*

She wanted to see my art supplies, Four texted back. "Three's waiting," Four said. "Can you hold it? I have to get changed."

"I, uh, how do I—"

Four shifted Gidgit to Eight's lap, smiling at Eight's squeal, and ducked into the bathroom to change. When she emerged, she saw Eight petting Gidgit, a tiny smile on her face, with Gidgit fast asleep on Eight's lap, all its lights dimmed. "Don't tell anyone about Gidgit, okay? I don't think I'm supposed to have it."

"I keep secret," Eight said, giving Gidgit one more stroke before Four moved the sleeping Squee-G to the pillow. Eight hopped off the bed and followed Four as Four grabbed her dualies and led the way down the stairs. "Four?" she asked, broken ruler still attached to one sucker

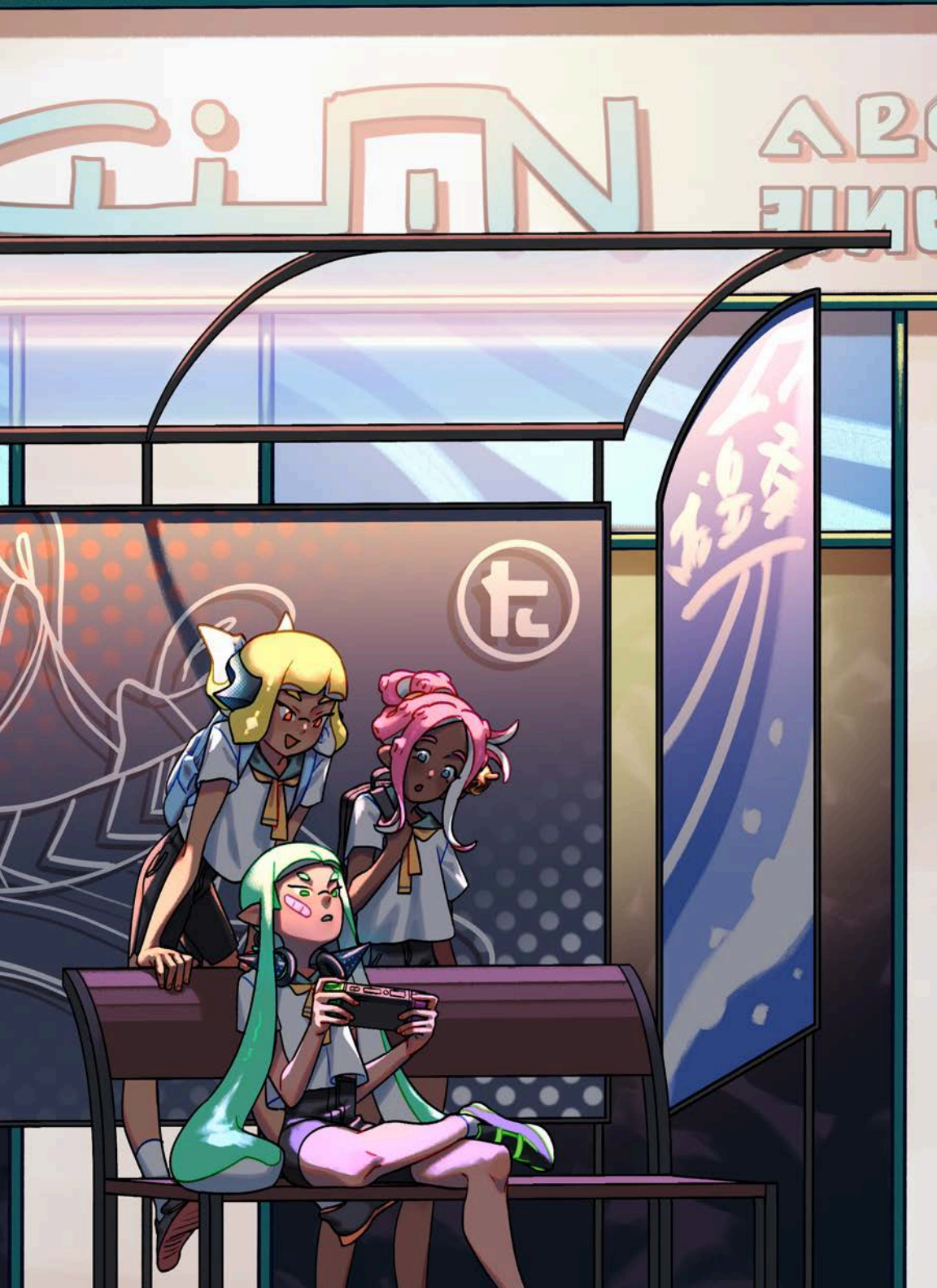
"Yeah?" Four figured she'd need help getting the ruler off.

"What is 'pet'?"

Four sighed and closed her eyes. Sometimes, there could be real drawbacks to having an Octoling as a teammate.

But, as Eight hugged Four around the shoulders with one tentacle, there were plenty more benefits.

OFF the
Side A
So cool
Missed Calls
Too Quiet
Side B



WELCOME

BRVTAL
SHARP
10
10.

Lesson in Freshin'

• STORY BY ADDISONNOXY • ART BY COURTESY •

The Inklings' 'shopping mall' was amazing! Everywhere that Eight looked, she could practically see the beating heart of the squids' society. The big, art-decorated hallways were tall and absolutely bursting with storefronts, each containing colors upon colors, wonders upon wonders!

She was thankful that she wasn't here alone today. Coming to a bustling place like this would've been intimidating for an Octoling who'd only been here a few weeks, even though this seemed like the premiere place to get 'new duds' to 'fashion on dudes' with. It wasn't anything like the small street shops that she'd usually been visiting - her pockets were light, and huge mainstream places like this tended to be pretty expensive. She thought she'd been doing alright.

It turned out that she was very wrong, though. Her sense of fashion apparently left a lot to be desired, which would explain all of the looks she got whenever she made her way around the city. The girl wasn't sure if she was relieved to hear it wasn't due to her being an Octoling, or embarrassed that she'd been so obviously out of place this whole time.

Either way, her mismatched apparel had finally prompted a sponsored trip to the mall for style renovations, with a heavy coinpurse to help things along. To keep her company and help get her fashions on track, she'd been accompanied at the Squid Sisters' request by her dear friend Valerie - the indomitable Agent 3.

Surely, Eight thought, their trip to the mall would be quick and easy. Walk in, choose some fresh kicks, and walk out! The hardest part would be choosing from the long list of offerings!

And that was true, but as it turned out, she wasn't the one having a hard time deciding.

Eight had been standing off to the side for the last ten or so minutes while Valerie furrowed her brow in front of a rack bearing colorful T-shirts, a hand to her chin. The green-haired girl didn't vary her expression very much, so it had taken Eight a bit of time to recognize the little changes that indicated what she was thinking. Right now, the glint in her eye, light twitch of her eyebrow, and the way that her lips were just a little bit puckered told the Octoling that Val was very frustrated - and maybe even a bit sheepish, considering how the two of them were starting to attract attention.

Valerie's own fashion was pretty plain, or serviceable as it had been described to Eight. Not a lot of flashy color, simple symmetry, few brand-name designs.

She didn't wear anything 'out of fashion' but Eight also hadn't recognized any of the typical styles that she'd been told about in Valerie's wardrobe. At the very least, though, her colors matched, and that put her ahead of Eight.

That said, she didn't want the girl to be too conflicted about what to buy.

"Valerie," she spoke hesitantly, her clipped accent drawing the squid's attention, "it is fine if the selecting is simple, yes?"

Valerie's expression didn't change, but she made a low, disgruntled noise. "It's not that." she replied. "I'm just . . . trying to figure out what would be good."

"It is difficult to make a choice for me?"

"Well, yes, but not because of anything *about* you . . ."

She sighed, putting a palm to her forehead. "Maybe I should've asked Four to come, instead."

Fortuitously, movement from behind Valerie's head caught Eight's eye. A familiar set of yellow tendrils, waving as their owner bobbed on her feet, framed a brightly beaming face from across the mall's corridor. Eight recognized Reyna's figure standing amidst a group of other Inklings, and the other girl's smile only widened when she saw Eight, too.

"Eight! Thr - Val!" she called, waving energetically.

Valerie stiffened at the sound. With a brief wave and a few exchanged words to her group, Reyna bounded towards them, teeth flashing. " 'Sup, guys? You shopping?" she grinned.

Absentmindedly rubbing her fingers together, Valerie gave a short nod. Eight stepped forward to bump Reyna's offered fist, smiling in return. "Valerie is showing to me how to be fashion capable!"

"No way! That's pretty fresh of you, Val."

As the Splatoon's resident 'fresh' expert, Reyna's opinion on that was probably reliable. Whenever she wasn't out on the deck in her uniform, Agent 4 was dressed head to toe in clothing that caught the eye in the best way. In contrast to Valerie, Eight didn't think Reyna owned anything that wasn't currently being pushed in fashion advertisements. Even now, her outfit practically radiated good fashion sense.

Valerie ran a hand quickly through her tendrils, not looking at Reyna. "I do my best, but you might be able to speed things up. There's . . . a lot of options."

"Oh, sure! Sounds fun!"

Thus their shopping party increased by one. After Reyna had bid her other friends good-bye, the two agents found themselves being led by their coworker through the mall. Reyna took them directly to a store that was plastered with neon signs and enormous advertisements for jackets, jeans and shoes. It was obviously a very popular place, considering just how packed it was with Inklings. As they walked, Reyna had been sizing the two of them up - Valerie shifting uncomfortably as she did - and she practically snatched clothing from the displays when they arrived, handing three or four pieces over to Eight in short order.

Having stayed silent since she asked Reyna to come, Valerie spoke for the first time when she balked at a frilled shirt that the yellow-headed girl tried to hand her.

"Since we're here, we might as well get you some stuff too, right Val?" Reyna asked with a knowing

smile. "When's the last time you updated your wardrobe?"

". . . I haven't needed to." Valerie replied in a mumble, eying the shirt. "Everything still fits."

Reyna's laughter was genuine. She was obviously in pretty high spirits, and Eight was right there with her, eagerly taking each new piece of clothing that was offered to her.

But on Valerie's side of things, the stony-faced girl was finding herself more than a little unsatisfied with how this trip was going.

She'd agreed to help Eight find some new outfits, so she felt like she should help out, but she'd forgotten just how long it had been since looking good had been anywhere near the top of her priority list. Three-plus years of combat and patrols had apparently atrophied her sense of fashion, and Valerie felt just as lost as Eight had looked when they arrived.

Sure, she'd passed the buck to Reyna, but still . . . it stung a little to see how naturally the other squid was bringing stylish outfits hand-over-hand to Eight, when she'd completely tripped at the starting line.

Reyna kept offering clothes to Valerie, too, but she shut down each offer immediately. Everything that the girl gave her was top-trending, or the kind of flashy getup that would look completely out of place on a squid like Valerie. She couldn't wear any of the popular stuff that Reyna dressed in. Better to stay with what she had.

Even though she thought that, though, seeing how excited Eight got with the recommendations, and how perfectly Reyna's suggestions fit her, and how much fun the two were having just trying things on . . . it did feel a little lonely. It'd been a long time since she put much effort into *socializing*, too. This trip was starting to feel like it was more about Reyna and Eight, with Valerie just tacked on to the side, and she knew that it wasn't, but that embarrassing thought stayed with her anyway.

She'd been trying not to just act surly and petulant about it, but apparently that hadn't worked, since Reyna came over to her again during Eight's latest trip to the changing rooms. Instead of another outfit, the other agent was giving Valerie a smile that looked both sympathetic and sheepish.

"Hey, Three . . ."

Valerie stiffened up. She preferred to be called by her agent designation usually, but on a trip like this, their regular names were fine . . . and she wasn't sure that she liked how distant it sounded, after Reyna had been calling her 'Val' the whole time.

"Sorry about pushing stuff on you earlier." Reyna said, rubbing at the back of her head in embarrassment. "I didn't mean to rag on your style or anything, I just figured . . . y'know, since we're here, right?"

Valerie breathed in slowly through her nose, then shook her head. Wasn't Reyna's fault that she was so incapable with this stuff. "It's fine." she replied flatly. "And you can call me Valerie."

Reyna's face brightened at those words, and she leaned in closer. "Tell you the truth? I don't think your fashion even needs improving - it's all functional and cool, like a sort of subdued, mysterious type! You know? Not what I'd give our bubbly octo friend, but it works for you!"

She nudged Valerie's shoulder with her knuckles,

beaming. "You're plenty fresh where it counts, Val. Rock what you've got."

That was . . . surprising. It wasn't a sentiment that Valerie was used to getting - squids like Reyna, who were always up to date on good fashion, tended to give her odd looks whenever they saw her choice of apparel. Hearing that her style was fresh would usually come off as sarcastic, but she knew that Reyna was always genuine about the compliments she gave.

A subdued, mysterious type, huh?

Valerie shifted her weight awkwardly, clearing her throat. How was she supposed to reply to that?

"That's . . . appreciated. Reyna." she murmured.

Reyna lit up at those words, her smile turning from sheepish to delighted. "I think that's the first time you've ever used my name!" she said buoyantly. In the back of her mind, Valerie decided that she should probably do so more often.

"You're much more capable than me when it comes to this kind of thing." she continued. After a tentative moment of silence, Valerie added, "If you . . . have any suggestions that you think do fit my . . . style . . . then I'll try to keep an open mind about them."

"You betcha, Val!" Reyna cheered, bouncing on her toes. "Probably not this store, but whenever Eight gets back - "

"That is now!"

The two turned to find Eight standing nearby, grinning smugly as she turned from side to side, giving them a good look at her fresh new outfit. "I went to give money for the clothing, it is mine now!" she remarked. "It fits, yes?"

"Like it was *made* for you!" the yellow-headed girl agreed, slapping a hand onto Eight's shoulder. She eyed the plastic bag in Eight's hand. "Grabbed some other stuff too, looks like?"

"Yes! I think I am getting to hang with this!" Eight chirped brightly. "And was I hearing that now we are looking to make up Valerie as well?"

Valerie caught Reyna's expectant glance and inhaled through her nose. ". . . if Reyna's up for it."

"One hundred percent!" Reyna declared with a laugh, hooking arms with the other two girls. "Clothes for everybody! How's your budget, Eight?"

"I am inside of it still."

"Hey, then maybe we can get you some Val-approved stuff, too!"

"I really wouldn't phrase it that way . . ."

Eight laughed, and the edges of Valerie's mouth twitched upwards in spite of herself. With high spirits, Reyna led the two of them away, running off a list of questions about Valerie's preferences as she did. Her casual clothes didn't make many appearances at Tentakeel.

Independently of each other, they all realized that this was the first time they'd spent much time together off-duty. They'd each had their worries about being able to get along outside of Splatoon business, justified or otherwise, so to be able to laugh like this while doing something as simple as picking out clothes, without worrying about Octarians or big cannons or anything . . .

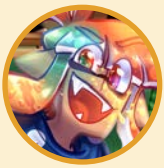
Together, though they didn't say so out loud, the agents all felt like this was something they could get used to.

Contributors

• ARTIST •

DVDEXE

dvdexe
dvdexe



WOOMYWOOSH

woomywoosh

MOSS

littlemossleaf
littlemossleaf

LEN

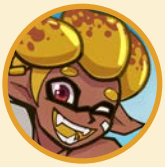
saltylenpai

PUNI

punnybuni

SHALURA

shalura4



SORA

tempuradynamo

LUC

lovedeltaa
lovedeltaa

RAI

artsy_raimuu
artsy_raimuu

IKARUS

sunartem

GENTLEROY

gentleroy_
gentleroy

LEE

nebuleeart
nebuleeart

SKYLER

skygummi

LABPUNK

labridaepunk
labridaepunk

PINE

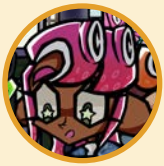
pineflowerart

COURTESY

thetruecourtesy
courtesycalling

SETO

setispaghetti

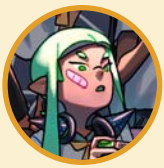


PARADOX

retro_paradox
paradox.was.here

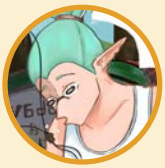
LUN

luntitledsquid



RNDZVS

octolingrndzvs
octolingrendezvous



FLUFFY

trashy_canon
trashy_canon

HONEYBVG

honeybvg

GRACIEO

gracieo
gracieo

PANSTARRY

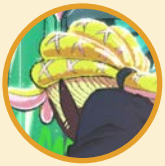
panstarri
panstarry

ANH

anhnmbr1popstr
anhnmbr1popstr

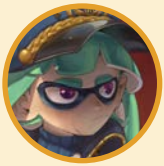
JAMCUBI

jamcubi
jamcubi



BALE

banditobale



ASPERA

asperabeart

Contributors

• WRITERS & MERCH ARTISTS •

MAJESTEA

CANYON CONVERSATIONS

nastymajesty
illustration by skyler

DOG

DUCK SEASON

recedingtides
illustration by dog

EIKAPRIME

CLEANING AGENTS

eikaprime
eikaprime
illustration by seto

ADDISON NOXY

LESSON IN FRESHIN'

addisonnoxy
illustration by courtesy

BIP

LANYARD & STICKER SHEET

bipbipps

BADRAYGUN

PRINT

badraygun
badraygun

CLAIRITEA

STICKER

clairitea

MORGAN.PDF

PIN & STICKER

splattedoon
splattedoon

CASEY

STICKER

2% fat free

LYRAE

PIN & STICKER SHEET

lyr_ae

RAI

CHARM

artsy_raimuu
artsy_raimuu

AZULILA

CHARM & WASHI

azulilah
azulilah

Mission Complete!

You made it through the zine! Welcome to the afterword, squiddo!

Back when I entertained the idea for this zine, I was simply blown away at how Splatoon fans could see the same group of characters from the Hero Mode, and see a family. Both original characters and the official agents included! That wonderment led to this zine coming alive, to celebrate the "found family" trope shared between the agents of the New Squidbeak Splatoon.

The profits of this zine will be donated to the Indian Residential School Survivors Society— an organization that provides mental health, culturally educational, and legal assistance to the families of Indian Residential School Survivors. You can check out their website here: https://www.irsss.ca

A special thanks goes out to my fellow moderators and friends that gave their time, expertise, and passion to make this whole project exist. I've learned so much from all of you, and cannot thank you enough for the love and hard work you've poured into this project.

To all the artists and writers that brought these pages together, thank you! Your ideas, characters, and art have made this project full of life, and you have all made something truly inspiring and fun together.

This zine is a collaboration between over forty artists, writers, moderators, supporters, and friends. From me and everyone who worked on The New Squidbeak Splatoon Zine—

Gracie!

THANK YOU SO MUCH!

Kairn

courtesy

Raimu

CD:

PAN

CLAIRITEA